

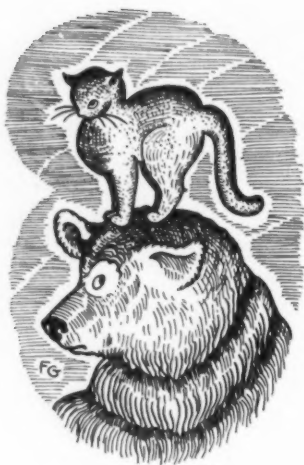
American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
February 1935 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*



Canadian Red Cross Junior

OUT OF THE DARK

Out of the dark
To the sill of the door
Lay the snow in a long
Unruffled floor,
And the candlelight fell
Narrow and thin,
A carpet unrolled
For the cat to walk in.
Slowly, smoothly,
Black as the night,
With paws unseen,
White upon white,
Like a queen who walks
Down a corridor,
The black cat paced
The cold smooth floor,
And left behind her
Bead upon bead
The track of small feet
Like dark fernseed.



THE CAT AND THE BEAR

"Who are you?" asked the cat of the bear.
"I am a child of the wood,
I am strong with rain-shedding hair,
I hunt without fear for my food,
The others behold me and quail."
Said the cat, "You are lacking a tail."

"What can you *do*?" asked the cat.
"I can climb for the honey I crave.
In the fall when I'm merry and fat
I seek out a suitable cave
And sleep till I feel the spring light."
Said the cat, "Can you see in the night?"

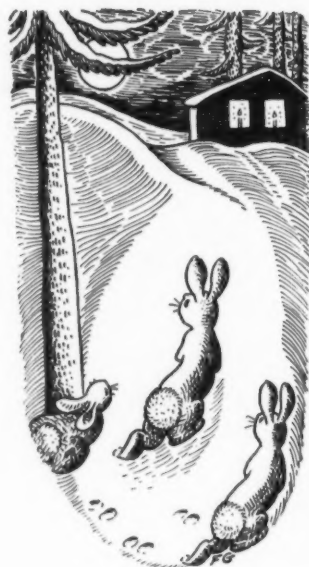
Said the cat, "I sit by man's fire,
But I am much wilder than you.
I do the thing I desire
And do nothing I don't want to do.
I am small, but then, what is that?
My spirit is great," said the cat.

THE RABBITS' SONG OUTSIDE THE TAVERN

We, who play under the pines,
We, who dance in the snow
That shines blue in the light of the moon,
Sometimes halt as we go—
Stand with our ears erect,
Our noses testing the air,
To gaze at the golden world
Behind the windows there.

Suns they have in a cave,
Stars, each on a tall white stem,
And the thought of a fox or an owl
Seems never to trouble them.
They laugh and eat and are warm,
Their food is ready at hand,
While hungry out in the cold
We little rabbits stand.

But they never dance as we dance!
They haven't the speed nor the grace.
We scorn both the dog and the cat
Who lie by their fireplace.
We scorn them licking their paws
Their eyes on an upraised spoon—
We who dance hungry and wild
Under a winter's moon.



DECORATIONS BY FLAVIA GÁG

From "Away Goes Sally," by
Elizabeth Coatsworth, Macmillan

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The February News in the School

The Classroom Index

Art:

"Skating" (front cover)

Character Education:

"Japanese Juniors Speaking," "The Night of Forgiveness" (Editorials), "The Best Gift"

Citizenship—National and World:

"Some Active Members," "Our Comrades Abroad," "Two Birthdays"

The theme of exploration and pioneering runs through a number of the features this month—"The Arctic Castaways," "New Citizens and Pioneers," "The Right Language," "Transportation Through the Ages." A comparison of the perils of exploration, in pioneer years of our country and today, is a fascinating subject for report and discussion. The best of the material gathered may be used in school correspondence. Perhaps a reminder is in order here that all material gleaned from reference books should be credited to the source where it is found and any part that is copied directly should always be in quotation marks.

The part played by modern science in making possible Commander Byrd's explorations at the South Pole and in the exciting rescue of the *Chelyuskin* crew is shown in the features of this issue of the NEWS and in the nutrition article, "Dinner Is Served at the South Pole," available as a reprint from the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS.

English:

"Poems," "The Right Language," "The American Slovak," "Two Birthdays," "The Arctic Castaways," "The Best Gift"

General Science:

"Measuring Time," "Transportation Through the Ages"

Geography:

Albania—"The Night of Forgiveness" (Editorials)
Bulgaria—"The Best Gift"

Japan—"Japanese Juniors Speaking," "Song of the Japanese Juniors" (Editorials)

Russia—Alaska—"The Arctic Castaways"

United States—"The Right Language," "Huragan, the Storm God" (Editorials), "The American Slovak," "New Citizens and Pioneers"

Other Countries—"Our Comrades Abroad," "Transportation through the Ages"

Handwork:

"Play Ball" ("More Games")

Health:

"The Statue Game" ("More Games")—This Czechoslovakian game is very like one known to most of us, in which one child swings the others by the hand and

each must hold the pose in which he falls while the statues are judged. And wasn't it hard to topple into a beautiful attitude?

Primary Grades:

"Poems," "The Best Gift"

Reading:

1. Why did the wild animals not admire the cat and the dog? 2. Write an imaginary conversation between one of your pets and some wild animal.

1. On what mission was the *Chelyuskin* bound when it was wrecked? 2. What difference has modern science made in exploration?

1. How can you make a rubber ball that will bounce? 2. Play the statue game at recess.

1. What was Wilma's chief problem about learning English? 2. What are some advantages in knowing more than one language?

1. In what ways did the Japanese Juniors show courtesy to the Red Cross World Conference delegates? 2. Which passages in the talks by Japanese Juniors do you like best, and why?

1. What is the Albanian "Night of Forgiveness?" 2. When should people say "I am sorry?"

1. What ideals are expressed in the song of the Japanese Juniors? 2. Compare their song with your own "Song of Service."

1. Why did the children in the PROGRAM picture make a Seminole Indian village? 2. In what ways were native Americans smarter than other Americans?

1. How was time measured long ago? 2. What is the most interesting clock you have ever seen?

1. Why did God give the cricket "the best gift?" 2. Study the February PROGRAM page to decide on a gift you can make through the Junior Red Cross.

1. Which pictures illustrate transportation as it is today? 2. Draw pictures for school correspondence showing modes of transportation in your community.

1. Why is there a monument to sea gulls in Salt Lake City? 2. How many nationalities are represented in your room?

1. Select one service activity reported this month to tell your class. 2. Which of the service activities reported do you think will have the most lasting value?

1. What two great days does February bring? 2. Learn the poem by heart.

A Junior Red Cross Smile

A group of very young members was so intent on the entertainment of less fortunate children at a Christmas party that no one had time to think of himself; but the teacher had realized a moment might come when the young hosts would feel a little human wistfulness for some part in the gaiety. After gifts and refreshments were distributed to the gleeful guests, the faces of their entertainers began to grow pensive. Finally one youngster remarked on the side:

"I like to make other people happy, but I do think it's tough on us not to have anything for ourselves!"

This was the cue for the teacher to bring out a surprise treat, which made the party a complete success.

Developing Program Activities for February

A Classroom Index of Activities

Art:

Valentines for men in government hospitals to send home; valentines, with a box, for a children's or old people's home; covers for brailled valentine greetings

Auditorium:

A "living JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS," other entertainments to be repeated as service projects at local institutions

English:

Reports on Council meetings, dramatization for a "living JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS," reference materials and magazines for classes of migratory children and unemployed men, entertainments for unemployed men (see the January TEACHER'S GUIDE), letters for school correspondence, committee report on National Children's Fund projects (see December PROGRAM page)

Handwork:

Favors for men in government hospitals, a valentine post-office for a children's home, clothing and equipment for an infant doll

Health and Physical Education:

First Aid demonstration for a veterans' hospital, acrobatics for an indoor circus

Home Economics:

Intersectional supper, hot lunches for classes for migratory children, handkerchiefs for unemployed men

Mathematics:

The Service Fund. See also, the section below.

Music:

Entertainments for unemployed men

Junior Red Cross and Mathematics

In a talk at the Georgia State Education Conference, Mrs. Macy, a teacher of Macon, showed the usefulness of Junior Red Cross in socialized arithmetic:

"In the conference period, discussion was based on the work of the Junior Red Cross. Reports were made sometimes by individuals and sometimes by committees. The Red Cross PROGRAM showed where the organization functioned. The facts and figures gathered from the Junior Red Cross magazines gave the necessary information. Summaries of the best reports were made on the blackboard. Out of such discussions and summaries the problem was raised: Show through facts and figures how the Junior Red Cross serves the world. At this stage definite plans were made. Pupils wished more information. The teacher helped the pupils decide where to get this information. In geography they were studying the wheat fields of the Central States. Lists were made of places to write for information about Red Cross distribution of government wheat. Additional committees were appointed. On these were placed weak and strong pupils. One committee was appointed to select facts and figures to be given to the fourth grade.

"During the unsupervised period, individuals worked on problems using facts and figures from accumulated statistics. The best problems were classified and put in proper files.

"One committee worked on a poster. The Red Cross Knight was decided upon as the central figure. Through reading the little booklet 'Fascinating Figures,' it was found that the system of barter and exchange was used by the Red Cross Knights. Portions of the golden chain carried by each knight were used as a medium. The best problems and illustrations were placed around the knight. An arithmetic booklet was made for the next sixth grade. Statistics at the fourth grade level were selected and handed to them to be used in their booklet.

"Thus the children learned that figures stood for ideas. In carrying out the related interests and activities the spirit

of willingness in the children increased. The teacher felt that to an extent the facts and figures in arithmetic had been imbued with Red Cross spirit and ideals."

Knowing Our Country

THEY HAD THEIR HOUR, by Marquis James. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$2.75

The tale of Paul Revere's ride, as told to generations of children, may be brand new and exciting to the youngsters you teach, but you yourself may be growing a bit stale on it. For the sake of remaining fresh in your work, you need a change of material and this volume tilts the haloes of famous and less known heroes to piquant new angles. The "mistake" that caused the Pilgrim fathers to land 300 miles north of their elected destination was a mistake of guilelessness in employing as captain a professional pirate. Stockholders in the New England territory paid the pirate to settle the voyagers where they would do the most good—to the stockholders. So our national traditions took root but "Captain Jones may well have regarded the voyage as a doubtful episode in an otherwise professionally ethical career."

William Kidd, on the other hand, is lost to us forever as the perfect pirate. He began his career by chasing pirates. That was the object of the fateful voyage that led to his hanging by the influential friends who had sent him forth to punish sea gangsters and bring home the pirate gold for distribution among themselves. It was all a shady business, in which Captain Kidd was the least dishonorable, but the papers vindicating him were well concealed for two hundred years after his hanging.

The general tone of the book, however, is not that of debunking our favorite villains or heroes. André remains a complete gentleman and gallant soldier. Franklin and Jefferson step out of the pages with life-like vigor and charm. Lincoln spends the night on a darkened train, when the first assassination plot was foiled, telling jokes to nervous secret service guards.

These stories reveal the more important epochs of American life with humanized clarity. The book is excellent reading from cover to cover, and ideal as a source of material for special reports.

SINGERS IN THE DAWN, a brief supplement to the study of American literature, compiled by Robert B. Eleazer. The Conference on Education and Race Relations, 703 Standard Building, Atlanta, Georgia. 10 cents a copy, \$1.00 a dozen

A pamphlet of twenty-four pages presents the more significant Negro poets, from Phyllis Wheatley through James Weldon Johnson. For each a brief, interpretive biography is given, with discriminating quotation, and the titles of important volumes. The range of poems is broad, including some that sing for the Negro race and others that sing for the entire human race. For readers of the TEACHER'S GUIDE, perhaps the best sample is this whimsical bit, "Quoits," by Mary Lee Newsome:

"In winter time I have such fun
When I play quoits with father.
I beat him almost every game,
He never seems to bother.

"He looks at mother and just smiles.
All this seems strange to me,
For when he plays with grown-up folks
He beats them easily."

The sponsoring and executive committees include
(Continued on page 3)

Junior Red Cross and Social Studies

THE way in which Junior Red Cross grew beyond a club and home-room activity into an integral place in the social studies curriculum is told by Miss Virginia E. Lewis, Junior Red Cross Chairman, of Huntington, West Virginia. Miss Lewis, an outstanding teacher of social studies, was also a critic teacher for a number of years. "Personally," she wrote, "I am moved to stress the world friendship idea among my older girls and boys because many of the boys with whom I spent my junior high school days lie in Flanders Field, victims of war."

"For two years, we attempted to carry on the Junior Red Cross work in our junior high school through a club, composed of home-room representatives. We found our one hour a week very short and the memory span very long. Having become personally convinced that the program merited regular class time, I decided some two years ago to make it a part of my regular social studies class work."

"In our social studies work we feel that the finest qualities which we can assist a child in developing, for his own sake and for that of society, are those of dependability and cooperation. We are agreed that the best means for developing these qualities is found in opportunities for practice in carrying responsibility. Therefore, we consistently urge the children to plan and carry out their own study programs to the limit of their abilities (the teacher always standing by in case of accidents, of course)."

"As rapidly as possible the class Junior Red Cross Committee took up the work. The business management was taken over by one enthusiastic 7-A class. These children planned and carried out the re-enrollment of the twelve home-rooms. This required the composing of talks (with the assistance of the entire class—a very desirable feature), the presentation of these talks to the twelve home-rooms by picked speakers, the later distribution of pins, magazines, PROGRAMS, and posters, and a careful keeping of records—all very real 'life situations.'"

"Then followed an intensive search through the NEWS, the JOURNAL, the PROGRAM, and the RECORD BOOK, for a list of projects with particular appeal. This project list was first presented to my other social science classes, then to other classes, clubs, and home-rooms. Each group chose one or more projects, suited to its interests and time."

"One day Mary Katherine asked a 'new, fine question'—'What other schools in Huntington have Junior Red Cross?' And 'right dar's whar Br'er Rabbit drap his 'lasses jug.' New plans were forthcoming, and within three months this class had assisted in enrolling some three to five grades in each of six schools—three elementary (their former schools) and three junior high schools."

"This class is known within our school as the 'Junior Red Cross class.' Our principal has very generously adjusted the schedule to permit us to remain together for one period a day for the third year. Its members have carried on the reenrollment of the seven schools for another year; have compiled and submitted suggestive project lists for both elementary and junior high school groups; have written and staged a Red Cross Roll Call play at our school and at our largest theater; have furnished speakers for the city's luncheon clubs during Roll Call Week; have sent a speaker

to the Regional Conference, and subsequently, by request, to a neighboring town; were represented at the National Convention by the sponsor and three members, and have supervised the sending of some ten albums and two annual 'detachments' of Christmas Boxes. These children are now engaged in staging a rather ambitious drive with the twofold purpose of enlarging the program in each enrolled school and helping other interested schools enroll."

"Meanwhile a veritable revolution has occurred in our local school system with the adoption of the new county unit plan. This has widened our field so that it now includes not only the thirty city schools but some seventy rural schools and our City Council has become the Cabell County Council. (And the former class sponsor has become the County Chairman. Consequently, I am frequently tempted to 'desert it for a matinee, it's on the way to one that I'm,' à la Cheerful Cherub.)"

"Our Roll Call play, mentioned above, was built around the preparation of a Roll Call talk for the luncheon clubs by one of our star speakers, Wallace. When the curtain rose he was seen at his desk poring over his notes. His sister, entering to tell him it was bedtime, read from one of his papers, 'The Red Cross Spirit Speaks,' by John H. Finley. After her exit with a warning about 'fitness for service,' Wallace read outstanding captions from his notes and they were worked out in tableaux at the rear of the stage. A gray gauze curtain gave the appearance of distance. The Red Cross Spirit was present in each tableau."

"I often meet this question from other teachers. 'How do you find time for Junior Red Cross work and cover the requirements?' My response is (1) that our Junior Red Cross class has consistently led the building in all subjects (we admit that classification has something to do with this, but insist that practice in carrying responsibility probably plays the larger part), (2) that I believe thoroughly in an activity program and am convinced that the Junior Red Cross materials furnish endless practical suggestions for the motivation and correlation of 'requirements' in such a program, (3) that I doubt seriously whether the 'required' chapters in any textbooks could possibly cover the requirements for growth in the individual child, (4) that I hasten to follow in the train of those who believe that all of us grow through the use of facts rather than through mere memorization of them, and through experience gained in real life situations."

"I heartily agree with a superintendent of schools, who said 'Junior Red Cross is thoroughly sound educationally.'"

(Continued from page 2)

many educational leaders of note: college presidents—Peabody, the University of North Carolina, Randolph-Macon, the University of Texas, Rollins, Eastern Kentucky State—and others of equal prominence. Supervisors and city and state superintendents include leaders from Atlanta, North Carolina, Mississippi, and Louisiana.

The booklet should become invaluable, not only in advancing interracial respect, but in guiding study of an important section of national literature.

Fitness for Service for February

Energy-Giving Foods

MISS BAKKIE, Nutrition Adviser of the American Red Cross, has supplied technical information developing the health activities suggested on this month's PROGRAM page.

"The amount of energy-giving foods for boys and girls depends upon physical activity and rate of growth. Boys and girls in their 'teens' need as much food as grown people and in some cases more because they have not yet completed their growth and are usually as active as adults.

"The calorie is a measure of the energy which foods provide. The total number of calories required by boys and girls each day is based on their body weight.

"Age in years	Calories per pound
6-9	36-32
10-13	32-27
14-15	Boys, 27-25; Girls, 23-20

"The undernourished child will need the upper calorie allowance and in some cases more.

"The breakfast should provide from one-fourth to one-third the total calories needed.

"Foods rich in energy-yielding materials are: navy and lima beans, cereals and breadstuffs, macaroni, potatoes, rice, tapioca, bananas, dates, prunes, raisins, butter, cream, and nuts.

"Boys and girls should make progressive gains in weight throughout the growing period. Watching the scales will indicate whether the right amounts of food are being eaten. In order that food may be of the right kind use the following guide in selecting food each day.

- "Milk—one quart or at least one pint
- "Eggs—one (or at least two to four a week)
- "Lean meat, fish, or poultry—one medium serving
- "Cereals and breadstuffs—include some whole grains
- "Fruits—two a day, or at least one (preferably one citrus fruit or tomatoes)
- "Vegetables—two a day besides potatoes (preferably a green or yellow vegetable)

Counting Calories

"One hundred calorie portions of common foods are as follows:

"One large apple; $\frac{3}{8}$ cup apple sauce; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dried, stewed, sweetened apricots; 4 to 5 small slices bacon; one medium sized banana; $\frac{1}{3}$ cup baked or canned beans; $2\frac{1}{3}$ cups string beans cut in one inch pieces; one slice round, lean beef (size $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $\frac{3}{4}$ inches); $\frac{2}{5}$ cup beef stew with vegetables; 50% graham bread ($1\frac{1}{4}$ slice $3\frac{3}{4}$ " x $3\frac{1}{4}$ " x $\frac{1}{2}$ "); 2 slices white bread (3 " x $3\frac{1}{2}$ " x $\frac{1}{2}$ "); 1 tablespoon butter; 4 to 5 fresh young carrots 3 " to 4 " long; 1 cube American cheese $1\frac{1}{8}$ "; 5 tablespoons cottage cheese; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cocoa made with milk; 1 cod-fish ball 2 " in diameter; 4 to 5 cups shredded cabbage; $\frac{1}{3}$ cup canned corn; 1 slice cornbread (2 " x 2 " x 1 "); $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cranberry sauce; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup thin cream; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup custard; 3 to 4 unstoned dates; $1\frac{1}{3}$ egg; 1 piece fruit cake (size $1\frac{7}{8}$ " x $1\frac{7}{8}$ " x $\frac{3}{8}$ "); 1 piece gingerbread (1 " x 2 " x 2 "); $\frac{1}{2}$ large grapefruit; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup ice cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup macaroni and cheese; 5 tablespoons macaroni with tomato sauce; $\frac{5}{8}$ cup whole milk; $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup oatmeal; 1 large orange; 1 tablespoon peanut butter; $\frac{3}{4}$ cup canned, drained peas; 1 slice canned pineapple and 3 tablespoons juice; 1 medium, white potato; $\frac{1}{2}$ medium sweet potato; 2 stewed, sweetened prunes with 2 tablespoons raisins; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice pudding with raisins; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salmon; $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked, chopped spinach; 2 cups canned tomatoes; $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked turnip greens; 2 cups turnips ($\frac{1}{2}$ " cubes); slice veal liver ($3\frac{1}{2}$ " x $2\frac{1}{2}$ " x $\frac{1}{2}$ "); 1 shredded wheat biscuit."

Exercise and Energy

In active exercise, like swimming, the body requires more food than it does when quiet. One should include liberal amounts of energy-yielding foods in the diet during the periods when this extra demand is made on the system, in order to provide the fuel needed for this increase of activity. The most important safety precaution to take concerning diet as it affects the body in swimming is to wait two hours after eating before going into the water. No definite relationship has been established between the kind of food eaten and cramps in swimming.

Colds

The Fitness for Service section crowded out of the January TEACHER'S GUIDE is included this month, since colds are still likely to be prevalent.

Food habits and living habits influence the body's resistance to infection. Vitamins A and C in liberal amounts help protect against colds. A diet lacking in dairy products, fruits, and vegetables will greatly reduce the body's resistance to colds and other diseases.

One quart of milk a day, butter, and yellow and green vegetables will provide vitamin A in amounts which will promote health and resistance to disease. Additional vitamin A foods are cream, cheese, cod-liver oil, oranges, tomatoes, prunes, bananas and apricots.

Two or three rich sources of Vitamin C such as oranges, lemons, tomatoes, and raw cabbage will help build resistance to infections. Additional Vitamin C foods are grapefruit, cranberries, bananas, pineapple, apples, spinach, turnips and turnip greens.

Other Preventive Measures

Some of the early signs of colds, or other contagious disease, are inflamed eyes, inflamed throat or nose, and coughing. Perhaps a doctor can give a simple talk to the class advising about common symptoms that children should be taught to report to parents or teachers.

Cleanliness practices, which should be reviewed from time to time, include washing hands before meals, after going to the toilet and the last thing at night, bathing twice a week or oftener, and drinking plenty of water for internal cleanliness. Interesting correlative material will be found in the article about the National Children's Fund in the January issue of the NEWS, which tells of the practical devices worked out by Junior Red Cross members in other countries in order to carry out the rules of hygiene.

The most important cure for a cold is rest, and the time to cure it is the very beginning. Often a day or two of complete quiet at the start will work a cure. If the cold develops beyond the point where a brief rest puts an end to it you can protect others only by keeping apart from them as long as the cold is active, that is, as long as you are coughing and sneezing, or have an abnormal nasal discharge. During this period you spread colds by riding in street cars, going to theaters or church, handling papers and material that others must handle after you, and coughing and sneezing into space instead of into a handkerchief. What, for you, may seem "only a cold" may develop in someone of lowered resistance into pneumonia or some other serious infection.

A reference of interest is *Our Common Enemy: Colds*, published by Robert M. McBride and Co.

The Arctic Castaways

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

THE silence that broods over the Arctic Ocean was broken by a roar that reverberated for many miles across the floe. The ice pack had closed like a vise around a ship and crushed its side from stem to stern. There was the hiss of steam escaping from broken pipes. The bow of the ship descended, the stern rose high in air; on the perilously slanting deck men and women in frantic haste threw clothing, food, tents on to the ice.

Slipping and sliding, they stuck to their work while the bow sank deeper in the water and the stern towered more sharply. When they could no longer stand on the deck, now canting dizzily, one by one they jumped to the floe. Three men stayed until with a sudden sucking sound the forward part of the ship disappeared. Then at last they sprang for safety; but one of them was caught and crushed by the falling upper deck.

In fifty-two seconds after the last man had jumped from the ship the vessel had vanished completely, and the ice was choking the hole in which it had sunk. There was only the vast stretch of the frozen pack, rising in ridges here and there, and reaching on and on to the bleak, slate-gray horizon.

The pack, however, was at least a footing above the frigid waters of the Arctic Ocean and some of the men and women immediately urged the commander of the expedition to lead them across the floe to the nearest mainland. That point, the leader knew, was Cape Van Karem on the Siberian coast, ninety miles away. He knew also that on such a journey—with the constant crunching and breaking of the field and the many wide channels to jump across—the weak would quickly drop and only a few of the very strongest could possibly survive. In his charge were ninety men, ten women and two children, one of them only a few days old. If they stayed on the floe there was a chance that they might all ultimately be saved; if they started on that terrible march, but a handful could conceivably reach land. "No, comrades," he said, "I dare not. Here we will camp and radio word of our situation until rescuers come."

At once the castaways set to work. They had salvaged much from the ship; not only food, clothing, tents, but also a team of huskies, two collapsible boats, sleeping bags, navigation instruments, lumber, a radio set with batteries.

And after the vessel had sunk, some barrels of oil and wood for fires that had been stored on the deck floated up to the surface and were hauled out on the ice.

An S O S message was broadcast, giving the location of the castaways. That night the floe was dotted with the hastily built huts, tents, and sleeping bags of more than a hundred people who shivered in the bitter wind and a temperature of forty degrees below zero. By daybreak they were setting up a kitchen, erecting a wooden tower for the wireless aerial, leveling a field where airplanes might land. In their ears there was always the ominous crack-crack of the pack as walls of ice hurtled together, and, breaking asunder, opened great crevasses in the floe.

None knew the treachery of that ice field better than the leader, a veteran Russian explorer of the Far North. For centuries daring navigators had sought for the Northwest Passage, that legendary sea-route that was supposed to link the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans around the northern point of North America. There was no such Northwest Passage, explorers had finally learned.

But the leader of this lost ship's company had found a Northeast Passage from European ports to the Pacific Ocean, a route of great importance to world trade. This man, Otto Schmidt, a Soviet professor of chemistry and arctic science, had succeeded in navigating the ice-breaker *Sibiryakov* in 1932 through the Northeast Passage from the Russian port of Archangel on the White Sea to Vladivostok on the Pacific.

Then in August, 1933, he had set forth again, this time in the *Chelyuskin*, a merchant ship equipped with ice-beak, to voyage from Murmansk through the Barents and Kara Seas to Wrangel Island, north of Bering Strait. Some of the men aboard were to take charge of the meteorological station on Wrangel Island, and these were accompanied by their wives. They had almost reached their destination when, early in November, a terrific storm struck the ship and drove it at headlong speed north into the ice.

The pack clutched the vessel, held it tight, swept it hither and thither as wind and current willed. For more than three months the *Chelyuskin* was the plaything of the floe; then on February 13, 1934, when the ship was one hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle, the ice, like a



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Members of the expedition leveling the ice floe for an airplane landing field

SOVFOTO

giant nutcracker, made an end of it.

Through the air sped the S O S message that February day. But at North Cape, Siberia, one hundred and fifty-five miles distant, a blizzard was raging that blinded dog teams and drivers and made it impossible for planes to take off from the field. For days that gale blew. On the Arctic floe it heaped up ramparts of ice thirty feet high and drove them crashing against huts and tents, which it scattered far and wide.

Night and day the castaways worked to repair the damage.

No sooner had they leveled a landing field than the pack would shift and the heavy labor with shovel and hammer would have to be done again. So twenty fields were built, each only to be destroyed overnight.

But through bitter storm and numbing cold the courage of the leader was indomitable. He knew he must keep the thoughts of his people from the breaking-up of the ice field, which would happen as spring approached; and so he kept them busy with a daily routine at the wireless tower, at the kitchens, on the landing fields. He set many of the men to work building a large wooden barracks heated with small oil stoves. One night, however, the ice broke under the barracks while fifty men were sleeping in it and they woke to find themselves floating on several islands. Constantly he had to build bridges of planks over channels and move the people and supplies to the most solid field he could discover. "We are not downhearted," he radioed the world, "but there is much extra work to be done."

One day a man shot a polar bear and they had a feast. But, exposed to that arctic temperature,



SOVFOTO

Professor Otto Schmidt

underfed and worn by continual labor, many of the company fell ill. And always around the castaways was that world of ice, relentlessly rolling, churning, breaking and reforming in the powerful currents of Bering Strait.

Meantime in Siberia, in Alaska, men were bending every effort to reach the refugees before the ice should thaw. Dog teams could not cross the channels of water already widening in the shore floe; but planes were being sent to Cape Wellen and

Cape Onman, where base camps were established. From Leningrad the ice-breaker *Krassin*, that had rescued the dirigible *Italia's* crew in 1928,* steamed to the Arctic Ocean. Two American planes, larger than any in eastern Siberia, manned by Russian pilots and American mechanics, took off from Nome for Cape Van Karem.

Aviators flying over the mountains of the Siberian coast encountered blinding snowstorms and were forced to land. Some were lost for days; some had to abandon their planes. Time was passing, and meanwhile the castaways' camp was drifting farther from the mainland and nearer to the perilous edge of the breaking pack.

Only the wireless kept their hope alive. By it they knew that three steamers carrying fourteen planes were speeding north from Vladivostok and Kamchatka; that from Vladivostok a dirigible was about to be shipped; that the Soviet government had sent three flying aces to the United States to attempt to fly direct from Alaska to the camp.

By March planes were ready along the coast,

* Note—See JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, February, 1933.

hovering like gigantic eagles waiting to take flight. But warmer weather had brought fog, and no sooner did it lift in the wind than it promptly swept down again. Men said that no pilot could steer through that curtain. On March 5, however, a large passenger plane took off from Cape Wellen and flew north till the fog was behind. Aboard were Pilot Lapidevsky and Mechanic Petroff.

Above Bering Strait toward Wrangel Island those two men flew until they had covered one hundred and forty-four miles of dissolving ice floe. They knew the general location of the camp from the radio directions. Presently they saw a dim red flag against the snow and judged it must mark their goal. When they flew lower they saw, however, that the ice there was ridged and broken, and they had to continue three miles farther before they sighted a field level enough to land on.

Skillfully Lapidevsky brought the plane down on the ice. Then the aviators discovered that they were on a floe that had split off from the main pack, and that they had in fact landed on an island separated by broad channels of water from the rest of the field. But they could get no nearer to the castaways' camp. What was to be done?

Schmidt had no sooner seen the plane winging overhead than he had thought of an answer to that problem. He directed the men to launch the collapsible boats and row the ten women and two children over to the floe on which the plane had alighted. The women, however, protested; they said that by the Soviet law they were the equal of men and had the right to remain and take the same chance of rescue as the others. One suggested that the only fair way was for the whole company to draw lots. "No," said the leader; "rescue must proceed by order of weakness and the stronger members must wait. And that means that the women and babies shall go first."

So the boats were rowed to the distant floe. Fortunately there was room to take all the women and children aboard the plane. Lapidevsky studied the field; his engines began to hum; the plane ran forward, bumped several times on the ice, then commenced to soar. Before nightfall the aviators landed their passengers at Cape Wellen.

Next day, however, a terrific storm from the north lashed Bering Strait to fury. Waves and currents twisted the floe and icebergs hammered its edges with their massive prows. Boats, tents and supplies of the castaways were smashed or swept away, and Schmidt and his men had to fight tooth and nail to keep the radio equipment and their scanty store of food. That battle almost exhausted the leader; he had a high fever and only his magnificent will power kept him on his feet.

Time was growing short. Spring was advancing and the ice south of Bering Strait was melting rapidly. If those men were to be rescued, aviators must dare the fury of the gale at once. Three of the ablest Russian pilots, Molokov, Slepnev, and Kamanin, took off from the Siberian coast in open cockpit machines, battled for hours with the wind, and finally reached the camp. Their leader must go, the castaways said; he

was ill and weak from fever. "No, I must be the last to leave," said Schmidt, and picked out the least hardy of his companions to go in the planes.

The planes were small. Pilot Molokov could only take two men in his single passenger seat; but he had a great inspiration. He had brought some silk parachutes with him, and, telling two of the castaways to lie down on the field, he wrapped them in extra clothing and then tied the parachutes around them. Each of them, bundled like a papoose, was then lifted, placed on an under-wing of the biplane, and lashed tightly to the structure. With two passengers on the seat and one strapped on either side of the wing, he flew one hundred miles through a freezing wind to the base at Cape Van Karem.

By now the Soviet authorities had received a radio message from the floe stating that Professor Schmidt had developed symptoms of pneumonia but refused to leave until all the rest were saved. Immediately the government sent a wireless order from Moscow: "Professor Schmidt will take the next rescue plane to land." That order could not be disobeyed, and so when Pilot Slepnev succeeded in reaching the camp a second time friends lifted their ill leader into the cabin of the plane, and, accompanied by a doctor, he was flown to Nome. There, tended in a hospital, he was gradually nursed back to health.

It was April now; six weeks had passed since



A bear killed before the ship sank

the ice had swallowed the *Chelyuskin* and those five score people been forced to take to the floe. The women and children had been saved; so had the fever-racked leader and a few of the men. But many men were still marooned on the ice, and most of them were ill, worn down by the cold, the exposure, and the constant sense of peril. As each of those small planes took off from the pack with its two or three passengers, those who were left behind wondered whether rescuers would come again before the field melted and the icy flood swallowed them.

The air grew warmer, and under that warmth the pack steadily thawed, mile after mile each day. The castaways now could see open water advancing on them, hear that continual crackling barrage as fissures wound through the floe. And on the coast the fog came with the warmer weather; soon—in a week, in a fortnight at most—there would be a dense curtain for miles over the sea. The planes must fly now or never! So in the first days of April the pilots began a nerve-racking race to see which could make the most trips and rescue the most men.

In one day Molokov made four trips and brought twenty castaways to land; Kamanin made the same number of flights in a day and rescued eighteen. One plane, however, broke a stabilizer in landing on the jagged floe and had to be repaired in a gale. Now moreover the field was disintegrating so rapidly that the ridges of ice towered higher than the wings of the planes



SOV FOTU

Russian aviators about to take off for the castaways' camp

and the castaways had to leap channels and scramble up immense hummocks to reach the machines that were precariously poised on the floating cakes.

One night there were forty men who stood watch on the floe, now closely lapped by the rising water; the next night there were twenty-eight; on the third there were six who looked with haggard eyes for the dawn and the flash of wings. On that day, April 13, a plane arrived, and the last of the castaways were taken off.

One more trip was made to rescue the dogs. Then the field split into pieces and the remnants of the camp vanished as completely as had the *Chelyuskin* exactly two months before. With the exception of the man struck by timbers as he jumped from the deck, every one of the ship's company had been saved.

More Games

THE STATUE GAME

ONE of the children is the seller, two others are the buyers and the rest are the statues.

The seller whistles and the children dance around him, doing their best to look like statues. After a time the seller whistles again and then each child must stop moving and hold himself stiff in the pose he has chosen, representing, for example, a lion, hare, monkey, soldier, workman, aged man and so on—each one according to his own idea. Then the buyers come up and look at the statues. The seller praises them and pulls an imaginary lever behind their backs to make them play tunes. When he does this the statues make all sorts of strange noises and jerky movements as if they had been wound up. The buyers

choose, haggle, and finally come to terms with the seller and buy the statues they like best.

PLAY BALL!

DO YOU like to play ball? And would you like to add to the pleasure of the game, that of making the ball yourself? This is how you make a rubber ball.

Get some old pieces of rubber, such as old automobile or bicycle tires. Cut them into long, thin strips and roll the strips round and round a lump of sugar until you will have formed a ball of the desired size. Then soak it in boiling water. What happens? The sugar dissolves while the rubber contracts, leaving a hollow in the middle of the ball which will bounce like those you buy.

—Czechoslovakian Junior Red Cross Magazine

The Right Language

ELEANOR SICKELS

Illustrations by Iris Beatty Johnson

THE pretty new high-school teacher was walking up the hill not half a block ahead. Wilma's heart gave a bounce.

"Ach!" she said to herself, for she always thought in a mixture of German and English. "Ach, do I dare do it?"

She looked about her hastily. It was early to be going to school, and there wasn't another sixth-grader anywhere in sight. The pretty teacher was alone, too. But unless Wilma hurried they would be at the schoolhouse. It was now or never! Wilma shot up the hill like a streak, coat and pigtails flying. In practically no time at all she was walking, panting and dumb, at the new teacher's side.

Now that she was really there, she had no idea what to do next. She could not think of anything at all to say. After one glance, she just trudged along with her eyes on the efficient movements of the teacher's brown snub-nosed shoes.

"Hello," said Miss Wilson companionably.

But Wilma's tongue stuck to the roof of her mouth. All she could manage was to look up at the teacher and feel for her hand. So they walked along hand in hand for a block or so. Miss Wilson didn't seem to know what to say, either. Wilma had heard that she was twenty-three and just out of college.

"Won't you tell me your name?" asked Miss Wilson after a while.

"Wilma Eichelhardt," said Wilma faintly. She pronounced it Veelma, as they did at home. But when Miss Wilson repeated it she said Wilma, in the American way.

"What is your grade, Wilma?" she asked next.

"Ich bin in six B," said Wilma, getting excited and mixing her languages again. Miss Wilson laughed merrily.

"Sprichst du nicht Englisch?"

Wilma looked at Miss Wilson with eyes round as saucers.

"Did you come from Germany, too?" she asked.

Miss Wilson answered her in German. She said that she was American born and bred, but

She trudged along with her eyes on the efficient movements of the teacher's shoes



that she had visited Germany once and had studied the language. It was a good language, she said, and she liked to speak it sometimes. She was glad, she said, that she could say "Don't you speak English," in the language of Wilma's former country.

"But *you* ought to speak English, Wilma," she added suddenly, dropping into English again herself, "now that you're in America. For that's what other people here speak and understand."

"Oh ja—yes, I *like* to speak English," Wilma assured her. "It's just that *meine Mutter*—my mother"—she blushed and stammered as she corrected herself.

They were standing at the door of the schoolhouse by this time, and Miss Wilson did not seem to be in a hurry to get to her classroom. She stood there holding Wilma's hand and looking at her in a friendly way.

"Your mother—yes?" she said.

But other children, including some of Wilma's own classmates, had begun to arrive. As they passed into the building, chattering and laughing, they cast curious glances at Wilma standing there talking to the new high school teacher. Suddenly all Wilma's courage oozed away and she was seized with panic. Without answering Miss Wilson's question, she ducked her head and ran as fast as she could to the sixth grade cloak-room.

All morning Wilma was in a daze. How could

she concentrate on doing sums in long division when she had just been talking to that kind Miss Wilson whom she had worshipped from a distance ever since school commenced six weeks ago? When her own teacher, Miss Andrews, asked her a question, at first she didn't hear at all.

Her seatmate nudged her earnestly, not daring to say her name because Miss Andrews' eyes were on them. Wilma came out of her daze with a start. Miss Andrews repeated her question. Wilma blushed and stammered again, and made more mistakes than ever in her English, though she knew the answer very well.

"Wilma Eichelhardt, are you never going to learn to speak the English language?"

Naturally, Miss Andrews was annoyed at Wilma for being inattentive. Besides, more than half the children in the class came from German-speaking homes, for there was a large colony of German families in this little western town, and Miss Andrews had been trying very hard to get the pupils always to speak the language of their adopted country in the classroom.

"Oh dear," thought Wilma, "she just doesn't understand at all. Don't I *want* to learn English? If only mother. . . ." And she began to think rapidly in German about the things she had not been able to tell Miss Wilson that morning.

The truth was that Wilma's mother had not much wanted to come to America, and now that she was here, she wanted to go on living as much as possible as she had lived at home across the sea. She did not know any English herself and saw no reason why Wilma and Wilma's little brother Fritz should learn it. Wasn't German good enough for them? Couldn't they go to the German Lutheran Church and hear God's word in German just as they had done at home? She didn't want any of this foreign lingo spoken in *her* house.

"Oh dear," thought Wilma again. "Which is the right language anyway?"

And suddenly she knew that she had to find Miss Wilson again and ask her. She would not get scared and run away this time, she promised herself. But maybe Miss Wilson was angry with her for running off like that this morning? Wilma could hardly wait for the noon recess.

At last the bell rang and the class filed out. Some of them brought lunch-boxes into the schoolroom and sat munching and chattering.

Wilma had brought her lunch, as usual, but today she did not take it into the classroom at once. Instead, she hung around the hall, watching for Miss Wilson. When at last Miss Wilson came down from upstairs, where the high-school classrooms were, she was talking and laughing with another teacher. But she flashed Wilma a friendly smile as she passed.

Wilma knew that Miss Wilson wouldn't be back for half an hour, but just the same she swallowed her lunch in great half-chewed bites.

"Why are you in so much hurry, Vilma?" asked Frieda, her chum.

But Wilma wouldn't tell, not even Frieda. She made a little face and put down her sandwich.

"I'm not in so much hurry," she said innocently.

But when Frieda suggested playing ticktacktoe on the blackboard, Wilma refused, and ran out into the yard, where she would be able to see Miss Wilson far down the street on her way back to school. When Miss Wilson appeared she was alone again, and Wilma ran down the hill and met her two blocks from the schoolhouse.

"I'm sorry I runned away this morning," she said timidly.

"Oh, that's all right," Miss Wilson replied, "only you must say *ran*, not *runned*."

"Yes'm," said Wilma meekly.

Then all at once she began to talk. She spoke in such a breathless jumble of English, German, and German-English, that it was a wonder Miss Wilson could understand her at all. She was so afraid she would not get it all out before she got scared again!

Miss Wilson was listening carefully with a grave expression on her pretty face. But when Wilma finally brought out her question about which was the right language after all, the teacher suddenly smiled.

"They're *both* right," she said emphatically. "Didn't you ever stop to think how lucky you are to be able to speak *two* languages 'like a native'? Most of us have to get all but one by painfully learning them out of books."

Wilma had never thought of it that way before. She stared at Miss Wilson with open eyes and mouth.



She hung about the ball



"Oh, Mother dear, how good that smells!"

"Listen, Wilma," continued Miss Wilson earnestly. They were standing on the street corner across from the schoolhouse now, and Miss Wilson turned and took Wilma's other hand. "Do you suppose I could meet your mother? I'm not your own teacher, I know"—she hesitated and blushed a little here—"but maybe I could talk to her a little in her own language, and maybe she'd like that. Would she mind if I came to see her?"

"Would you?" It seemed to Wilma that if her mother and Miss Wilson could once talk things over together there would be no more trouble ever any more.

A few days later Frau Eichelhardt was bustling about in pleased excitement. Her quick, capable hands were setting the living room to rights, flicking the last imaginary bit of dust off the company chair and the portrait of father and the carved cuckoo-clock. Then she was in the roomy kitchen, whisking out of the oven one of her famous apple pasties.

"What are you standing there for, Wilma, gaping like a sheep?" she asked briskly in her rich German voice. "Can't you find something more useful to do?"

"Oh mother," Wilma answered, speaking in German, too, of course. "Oh mother, *dear*, how good that smells!"

"Might as well show her what real German food is like," said Frau Eichelhardt, "as long as you've gone and asked her to come and take coffee with us." She tried to make it sound as if she were annoyed at Miss Wilson's coming; but Wilma could tell that her mother was really very pleased.

She had started arranging a big plate spread with a fascinating variety of cold sausages and cheeses. "You all ready?" she asked Wilma, with a quick glance at her daughter which took in every detail from new hair-ribbons to freshly shined shoes.

Wilma nodded silently, her eyes following every move of her mother's hands with rapt attention. She had been ready for half an hour.

Just then the doorbell rang. With a gasp, Wilma started off at a scamper, then slowed down to a prim walk in the front hall and a grave, polite opening of the door. It was only the grocery boy, bringing a last-minute order of butter and cream!

But a few minutes later Miss Wilson did arrive. She actually seemed a little frightened herself. But she squeezed Wilma's hand, and shook Frau Eichelhardt's heartily. It seemed to Wilma that the two liked each other from the start. When Wilma's mother talked too fast for Miss Wilson, or used some phrase of homely dialect she did not understand, the teacher would blush and admit that she was stuck. Then, fairly dizzy with pride, Wilma would help her out. And how Miss Wilson did seem to enjoy the pumpnickel and the coffee and the apple pasty! Wilma's mother glowed at her warm praise.

"If only I might come and practice my German with you two sometimes!" the visitor said as she was leaving. "I tell you what—why couldn't Wilma here help me with my German and I help her with her English?"

"I don't much hold with Wilma's talking English," Frau Eichelhardt said, doubtfully.

"Oh, but she needs it so much—at school and almost everywhere except at home!"

"But German is the right language for a German girl. It was good enough for her father and me."

"Of course it's the right language. And English is the right language, too. She is a German-American girl now," Miss Wilson said.

Frau Eichelhardt didn't look quite convinced, but Wilma felt sure her mother would remember and think about this later on. As for her, it all looked clear as day to her now. It would be hard to do, but she would do it somehow. She would learn to speak both languages perfectly, and to keep from mixing them up any more. Miss Wilson spoke them both, didn't she? And she didn't mix them up.

"Can I walk home with you?" she said in English, as Miss Wilson stood at the door.

Miss Wilson smiled at her and took her hand.

"Yes, you may," she said.

Japanese Juniors Speaking

THE October sunshine struggles through light clouds to smile on a great gathering in Hibiya Park in Tokyo. On a platform above the gathering are more than two hundred men and women from sixty-one countries of the world. Turned upwards towards them are six thousand young faces, framed in black hair, lively with shining black eyes. The Junior Red Cross of Japan is entertaining the delegates and national representatives at the greatest of all the fifteen conferences of the Red Cross of the world.

That afternoon was a distinguished occasion for the world's Junior Red Cross as well. It was the first time that the Juniors of a nation had been hosts at an international Red Cross conference. For many weeks the schoolrooms of Japan had buzzed with plans and preparations for this event. From them representatives had been sent to Tokyo.

From them, too, had gone out boxes and boxes of work of clever hands to be presented to the delegates for the Junior organizations of their own countries. Suspended across the stage was a great banner on which were the words "The Red Cross of Tomorrow Welcomes the Red Cross of Today." On the stage with the guests were those who had won the honor of speaking for all the Juniors of Japan. First of these was Yoshiro Saito, of the Taimei School, Tokyo. Quietly he stepped to the microphone and, holding his speech at arm's length in token of respect, spoke to the delegates and to all Japan:

"A hope long-cherished by our people has now been realized in the assembling of the Fifteenth International Red Cross Conference, now in session here in Tokyo. We little school children feel heartily grateful for the presence of so many distinguished delegates here in Japan, who have journeyed a long way on land and sea.

"We realize that you have been busy ever

since your arrival here, attending the Conference and inspecting various institutions day after day. Nevertheless it was kind of you to accept our invitation, and we are sincerely obliged to every one of you and feel honored for your presence here today.

"We are proud to say that our Junior Red Cross organization has been developing rapidly within the short time since it was inaugurated some years ago. The Japanese Red Cross groups now number over eight thousand, with a membership of about two and a half million, and we, gathering here today from every part of Japan, represent this great army, aiming only at the development of world peace, internationalism, and the well-being of mankind the world over, just as you adult Red Cross people are, and we are trying to serve others, adhering to the principles and ideals of the Red Cross.

"You can hardly imagine how overjoyed we are to see you distinguished foreigners here today, and this impression will never

be blotted out of our hearts and minds.

"When you return home do please tell your school children how anxious we are to be linked with them through the exchange of interschool correspondence, for this seems to be the best channel through which we can be more friendly with each other, unconsciously disregarding the difference of nationalities, of races, and of religions.

"Our country is rich in beautiful scenery, but unfortunately it is destined to be often visited by various kinds of natural calamities. When Tokyo and Yokohama were ravaged by the great earthquake and conflagration of 1923, your sympathy was showered upon us in various substantial ways so overwhelmingly that we can never forget it. And now, Osaka and Kyoto, centers of industrial and commercial enterprise, have been miserably destroyed by the recent great typhoon and the tidal waves which followed.

"Such disasters and the consequent difficulties,



Yoshiko Oishi who presented the Japanese gifts to the delegates



Out came the flags of the Rising Sun and the Red Cross

however, have naturally trained our strength in body and mind, cultivating in us an indomitable will. And we can assure you that these towns will soon be rehabilitated through the benevolence of the Imperial Family and the cooperation of our people.

"Your Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen:

"It is now the season when maples redden and chrysanthemums bloom. We hope that these things may make up in a measure for what has been insufficient in our manners toward you.

"We thank you for your attention, and pray for your good health and happiness."

After the greeting came a speech by Yoshiko Oishi, a high-school girl of Kyoto in a beautiful kimono. In presenting the gifts that had come from all over Japan, she said to the guests:

"We, too, are eager to do whatever we can to make the world better and brighter, to help relieve the suffering of the world. We realize that very soon the young people of today will be sharing the responsibilities that are now upon your shoulders. We want to ask you to help us so that we can all work together.

"We hope these gifts may add something to the story of your visit here. And we shall be delighted if they help young people far away to understand the meaning of this great gathering, and the hearts and hopes of Japanese boys and girls. Let us go forward unafraid into a beautiful future . . . of peace in the wide world. Let us work together with new courage and new faith."

Among the hundreds of gifts she presented, some will come finally to the United States, as others are distributed around the earth. There were charming objects of carved wood, articles made from the roots of trees, tiny ribbon-dressed dolls made of silk cocoons seated in halves of nut shells, miniature castles of feudal Japan, little

replicas of the festival cars carried in holiday processions, exhibits of the silk industry from worm to kimono—a bewildering array of gifts that are sure of a warm welcome.

In exchange, one of the delegates presented some of the seeds and plants that had been sent from the three Americas, from Europe, from Africa, and from Asia to be planted in the garden of the big new hospital in the city of Osaka.

Then all the six thousand children in the assembly rose and, like flowers suddenly springing up, out came the flags of the Rising Sun and of the Red Cross, as all the children waved them on high and gave with one voice the cheer

of Japan, "Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!" which means "May you live ten thousand years."

All during the days of the Fifteenth International Red Cross Conference at Tokyo, those flags and the Juniors of Japan were everywhere in evidence. Again and again the delegates walked between rows of cheering, flag-waving Japanese children. Every child in every village seemed to know what was going on at the capital. One time, for example, a train was taking the delegates to the famous shrines at Nikko.

It stopped at a tiny place. Beside the tracks were bands of children who passed through the windows a tiny pot of tea with a little glass cup for each visitor. With the tea, too, came a mysterious package wrapped in pink paper. Inside was a boiled sweet potato and traced on the pink wrapper was a message from the children of the village which said:

"We know that this gift is not good enough for you distinguished ladies and gentlemen; but it is the best we have, a sweet potato which we raised ourselves in our school garden and have cooked for you."



Representing 2,500,000 Juniors

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*The door was shut, as doors should be,
Before you went to bed last night;
Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see,
And left your window silver white.*

—GABRIEL SETOUN

THE NIGHT OF FORGIVENESS

WE Orthodox Christians of the Korçan region of Albania call the evening on which Lent begins, *Nata e Ndjesave*—the Night of Forgiveness. On this evening no visits are paid or received, for it is sacred to the family.

Throughout the afternoon, the women of the household are very busy getting ready a special evening repast prepared of our very best foods, an unusually good supper. After the meal, the family seat themselves and for a time talk about the usual occurrences and news of the day.

When bed time comes the father and mother stand up together. The mother begs forgiveness of her husband for all unkind words spoken to him and for all displeasing acts done during the religious year just closed. He replies, "All is forgiven forever." He then begs his wife's forgiveness and receives the same reply that he made to her. The oldest child then stands in the presence of father and mother and begs their forgiveness and afterwards, separately, of each of the brothers and sisters. Then follow in order of their ages the other children of the family. Each receives the reply, "You are forgiven forever."

—V. Themeli, in "Laboremus"

HURAGAN, THE STORM GOD

THE children in the *Program* picture lived in one of those Florida villages near Lake Okeechobee, which in September, 1928, were destroyed by hurricane and flood. Luckily the schoolhouse in that particular village was not wrecked; only the roof was blown off and the rooms were filled with mud and rubbish.

Everyone worked to get it in order, the school children helping where they could. Broken window-glass was raked up and buried; branches were heaped in one place, boards in another. Mud was scraped from the floors. When it came to redecorating the classrooms and keeping them clean, the pupils took a proud part. Desks were polished; the new windows washed. The younger ones decided to make a Seminole village in their sandbox.

"The Indians told us the hurricane was coming, but no one believed it," they said. "They told us that, when the saw-grass in the swamps blossoms early in summer, there will be wind and flood. So, seeing the grass in bloom, they left their homes in the Everglades, and began trekking towards the high ground in the middle of the state, north of Lake Okeechobee. All the Indians who went there were saved, while those who stayed behind, and many white men, were drowned."

In ancient times the Carib Indians who lived in the West Indies and along the coast of Florida, had a storm god named Huragan. Perhaps fear of him made them watch for the slightest hint of coming storm, so that they became close observers of weather signs.

What they learned was passed on from generation to generation, and with each year their knowledge increased, for scarcely a September passes that a big storm does not come hurtling up from the Gulf of Mexico.—A. M. U.

SONG OF THE JAPANESE JUNIORS

WE are the Junior Red Cross.
Just like the buds of flowers we are,
For we have youth; and we have life;
And we have health.

We are gathered together
With hunger and thirst in our hearts
For the purity of snow, the beauty of Mt. Fuji,
That has stood for ages as a sign to our people.

May our light shine far and near!
We'll strive for love and brotherhood,
That will unite the peoples and the nations.
We are the Junior Red Cross.

Measuring Time

THE most ancient apparatus for measuring time is the sun-dial. Even now one sees strange hour-plates on old churches and houses, where the ciphers are not arranged in the usual order. A stick is fixed obliquely to the dial. The shadow of the stick cast on one of the figures, according to the position of the sun, shows the time.

Time was also measured long ago by water-clocks. A vessel pierced at the bottom was filled with water which flowed into another receptacle in a definite lapse of time. Of course, the exact quantity of water was first determined by measuring or weighing, marks were traced on the vessel showing how much water had flowed out, and consequently what time had elapsed.

Sometimes time was measured with dry substances instead of water. For instance, a tube or other vessel with a small hole at the bottom was filled with thin sand and another similar tube placed under it. The quantity of sand taken is that known to run out in a certain lapse of time.

But all these early time-measures, sun dials, water-clocks, and sandglasses were very imperfect instruments according to our modern notions. Only when clocks with wheel mechanisms were invented could time be measured with greater precision. According to tradition, the first clock of that type was invented by a monk in the twelfth century. In old times, many inventions were made and many scientific truths discovered in the stillness of monastic cells.



The town hall of Prague, Czechoslovakia, with the astronomical clock, made in 1490, at the base of the tower

Later the art of clock-making spread in towns. Thus in the twelfth century a Nuremberg locksmith, Peter Heinlein, became famous for the bulb watches he made. These watches had to be wound up every forty hours, and rang every hour. Their shape reminded one of the toys called "the Nuremberg eggs," and even now watches remarkable for their thickness or size are called in jest "Nuremberg eggs."

The clockmakers of the Middle Ages showed particular diligence in the manufacture of church-clocks. Some of these clocks with complicated play of figures or ringing of bells are preserved to this day. The most interesting among them are those of Prague and Strausburg.* When the clock on the Prague town hall strikes twelve, the twelve apostles come out one after the other and solemnly pass before the eyes of the spectators.

—*Lithuanian Junior Red Cross magazine*

* Note: See also "The Clock of Augsburg," *News*, September, 1933.

The Best Gift

—A Bulgarian Folk Tale

A. KARALIITCHEFF

Illustrations by Wynna Wright

ONCE upon a time there was a little angel with blue eyes and with silver wings on his shoulders. He was the youngest attendant in the Garden of Eden. One day God said to the little angel:

"Little silver-winged angel, take your little drum, go down to the earth, and beat it. Tell all living souls—those who fly in the air, those who float under the water, and those who walk on the earth—to come up here, for I am going to give them each a gift. Now go!"

The little angel put the drum on his shoulder and hurried down to the threshing floor. There right on top of a high stack he found the long ladder which God used to go down to the world below. The winged angel took the ladder, hung it

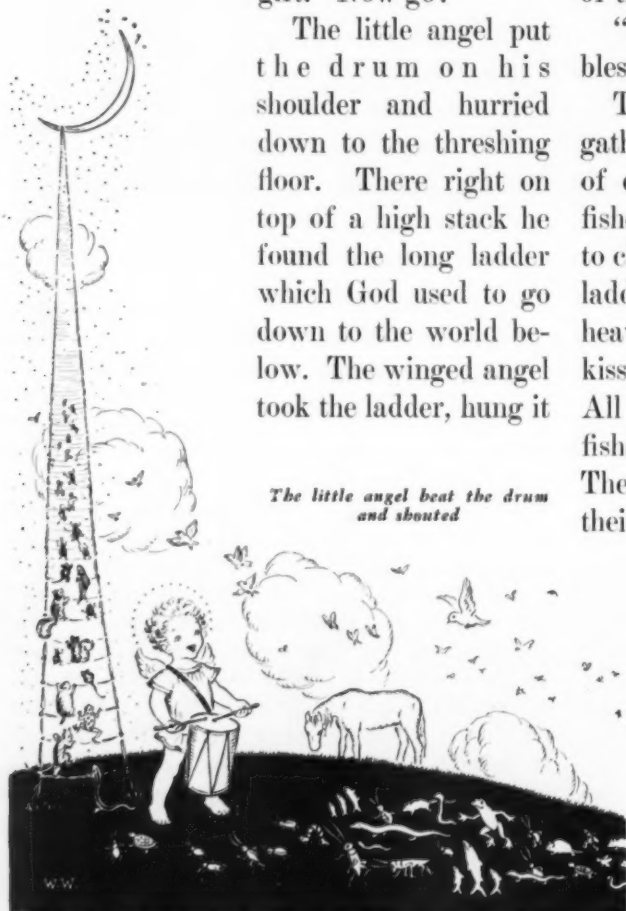
on one of the horns of the moon, and quickly dropped down to the earth. He found himself on a green lawn where a blind horse was grazing. The horse had been to the war with his master who was very kind and good to him. But one day his master had been killed, and the horse had gone blind from too much weeping.

The little angel beat the drum and shouted, his voice reaching to the four ends of the world:

"Run, all of you, run! God is granting blessings."

Then from all the ends of the world there gathered millions of tiny animals, all kinds of crawling and flying creatures, worms, fishes, and birds. One by one they began to climb the ladder leading to the sky. The ladder came near to bending under the heavy burden. They all went to God and kissed His hand, and each received a gift. All day long the tiny animals, worms and fishes and birds crawled up the ladder. They came down glad and smiling, holding their gifts in their hands.

The glowworm was given a tiny sparkling star. The frog came down carrying a mandolin. To the crayfish God gave a pair of scissors and told him: "When you become a tailor you must plan three times and cut only once." The spider was given thread to spin webs all his life. The ant came down with a bag full of the wish to work. The Creator



The little angel beat the drum and shouted

granted the donkey a clock, but as soon as the donkey came down the ladder and started to cross a river, he dropped the clock into the water. And so now whenever he climbs up on the trash pile in the barnyard to tell people the time, he never knows the right hour. The rabbit was given four legs which God had prepared for the wind, and the parrot was given brains.

At last, when all the creatures had gone, the old horse came to the ladder. But as he was blind in both eyes, he missed a step and fell down. He sprained his left foot and turned his face sadly upward, but could see nothing. Then a foolish little cricket jumped onto his head and asked:

"Have you no eyes?"

"No, I have no eyes."

"Do you wish a gift?"

"Yes."

"What kind of gift do you want?"

"Eyes."

The cricket thought for a while, scratched his head with one leg, and said:

"Wait here for a little time."

Then he rushed up to the bright crescent moon and cried, "St. Peter, wait, do not lock Heaven's gate yet."

At that moment St. Peter was just turning the key of the gate. When he heard the cricket's voice he opened the gate and let him in. The little cricket went to God.

"Dear God," he cried in his thin voice, "down on the earth an old sick horse is waiting. He has no eyes and can not climb up."

"What shall I give him?"

"He wants eyes, God."

"Is that so?" said God. "Come with me into the garden."

God walked on the beautiful green grass.

A soft light came out of His eyes and caressed the grass. The cricket jumped after Him. When they came to a small fountain under a tree, God said:

"Take a handful of water from the well and when you get down sprinkle it over the eyes of the blind horse."

The little cricket bent down, took a handful of water, and when he was ready to start, God looked at him with kind eyes and said, "And what shall I give you?"

"Nothing," answered the little cricket, "I have wings."

"No, this will not do. You have a soul full of pity; I shall give you the best gift."

Then God went back into the house, took down a violin without strings which hung on the wall, and gave it to the cricket.

The joy of the cricket was so great that instead of getting down by the ladder, he jumped right down from the sky to the earth. When he came to the horse, he sprinkled the blind eyes, and the horse recovered his sight. The old horse was so glad that the place was too small for his great joy.

"What did God give you?" he asked the little cricket.

"He gave me the best gift."

"What is it?"

"A violin. God gave me this violin, but it has no strings."

"Strings? Get them out of my tail!"

So the little cricket pulled a silver string out of the horse's tail, stretched it on the violin, and tried it. Then, with a heart beating merrily, he started around the world to cheer up all the people, the grasses, and the tiny animals.



—From the Bulgarian Junior Red Cross magazine



Primitive man carried everything on his own shoulders, like this man of the early stone age. In the background of this picture a woman and boy are shown crossing a stream on a log, not yet made into a boat

The first vehicle used by man was undoubtedly the sledge. This shows man of the New Stone Age in northern Europe, about 5000 years ago; on the lake are two large dugout canoes



Men and goods have been carried on the backs of animals since before the dawn of history and still are today where roads are very poor. This picture shows yaks coming through a mountain pass in Tibet

TRANSPORTATION THROUGHOUT THE AGES

*From a series of murals in the Science Museum,
London, England*



The Egyptians moved their immense statues by means of rollers. On the river are shown the boats that they used to carry goods and men for long distances



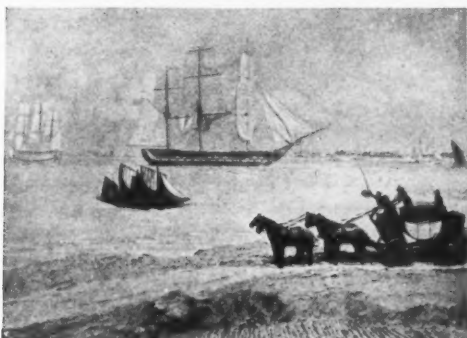
Probably wheels developed from rollers. Here is one of the many types of vehicles used by the Romans, who built good roads. Two sea-going ships are also shown



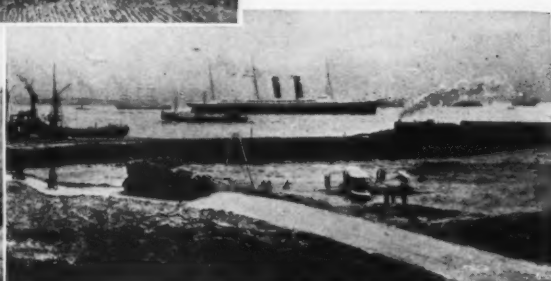
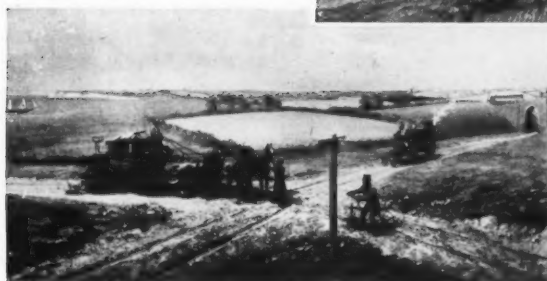
In the Middle Ages the Roman roads had fallen into disrepair and pack animals were used once more. The ship also is inferior to the vessels of the Romans



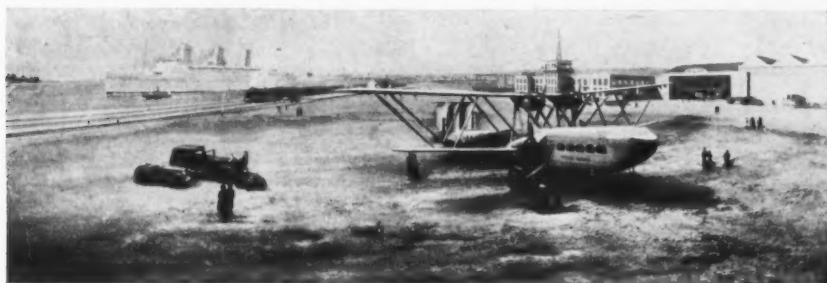
A sixteenth-century scene. Though the roads were still very bad, wheels were again in use. The ship is a great improvement over those of the Middle Ages



Coaches were typical of land transportation in the eighteenth century. The East Indiaman at the left and the man-of-war in the center illustrate the ships of the day



The beginnings of modern transport. The coach horses are shying at an early steam vehicle and a forerunner of the bicycle, as a train passes in the background (Left). In 1908 (Right): Here are the automobile, the motorcycle, the train, the modern steamship and the Wright airplane. In the sky at the left a Zeppelin can be seen.



Modern air liner, automobiles, train, and ships, with a Zeppelin showing dimly in the background

THE Indians may properly call the other citizens of the United States "foreigners"; for the ancestry of all the rest of the population goes back to an "old country" of Europe or Asia or Africa. In a letter to a school in Florence, Italy, a New Haven, Connecticut, school wrote:

COLUMBUS and Vespucci are not the only Italians who ever discovered America. By 1914, before the World War, one and one-third millions of Italians had discovered our country, and were scattered all over it, east and west and south and north. There were Italians in the vineyards and orchards of California, there were Italians in the strawberry fields and on the cotton plantations of Louisiana. They were growing vegetables in New Jersey and New England. They were digging sewers and subways and building railroads all over the United States. They were living in colonies set in the midst of Boston, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and St. Louis. There were one-third of a million Italians in New York City alone. One-fourth of all the Italians in the country were living in this one American city.

Sometimes a whole village would leave Italy and settle in one New York street, and then that



Juniors wearing the traditional inherited costumes of the countries from which their ancestors came, in a parade in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

New Citizens and Pioneers



Gulls from an island in Great Salt Lake saved the crops of the pioneers

THE Henry S. Belden School in Canton, Ohio, has many pupils whose "old country" is Roumania. This letter was sent with an album from the school to correspondents in Roumania:

APPROXIMATELY eighty-five per cent of the pupils enrolled in our schools are boys and girls of foreign parentage. Among our seven hundred pupils, besides Indians and Negroes, many different nationalities are represented: Roumanians, Poles, Italians, Spaniards, Greeks, Hungarians, Syrians, Germans, Czechoslova-

street would be transformed. Little Italian shops full of macaroni and polenta and olive oil would spring up in the basements of the tenement houses; and all the signs over the little shops would be written in Italian; and all the babies would have dark eyes; and all the people in the streets would talk and sing

in Italian; and out of all the doorways would come the smell of Italian cooking. And sometimes, at night, the whole street would be decked and garlanded with little electric lights, red and white and green, to celebrate the birthday of the Italian saint who used to be the guardian spirit of the old village in Italy.

kians, Serbians, Bulgarians, Croatians, Austrians, Russians. Roumania leads all other countries, for about thirty-five per cent of us are Roumanian boys and girls. We have about eighteen per cent Spanish.

Some day you might decide to come to America. Would you like to hear how you could receive the right of citizenship?

A foreign adult, who wishes to obtain citizenship papers must first live five years in the United States of America. He must spend one year of this time in the state where the papers are applied for and must have declared his intention two years before. He must learn how to read and write the American language. After a study of the language has been completed, the foreigner must make a study of American history and American government.

He is then given a list of examination questions to be studied carefully. The questions are about the American Constitution and also about the history of the United States. From this list of one hundred and ten questions the examination is later given. If the candidate fails to make a passing grade, he may study the questions again and take a second examination. Some examples of schools in which foreigners may learn to become citizens are night schools, Y. M. C. A. clubs, and special Americanization classes conducted solely for foreigners.

America considers an alien a good citizen if he takes his responsibilities seriously. To him America says, "Welcome!"

THE Russians made an interesting bit of history in California in the early days. The Jordan School at Gilroy, California, writes to a school in Estonia about it:

BETWEEN 1700 and 1800, bold Russian trappers and hunters crossed from Siberia to Alaska and settled there. In early days of the California missions, the Russians began to come southward from Alaska to set up trading posts where furs could be had. A party of them sailed down the coast of California to Bodega Bay, ten miles north of the Russians River.

Thirty-five miles farther north, they built another settlement at what is now Fort Ross. This place became the headquarters of the governor of the Russian settlements in California. About

sixty wooden buildings were put up, among them a rough fort and a Russian church.

MANY of the newcomers to America in the last century did not stop in the cities but went on to the great open lands of the west. One of the most remarkable of the pioneer movements was that of the followers of Joseph Smith, the Mormons, who came at last to rest along the shores of the Great Salt Lake. The New Englanders love their story of the First Thanksgiving. Equally dear to the Mormons is the story of the gulls which is told in this letter from a Salt Lake City school to correspondents in Czechoslovakia:

THE AMERICAN SLOVAK

Furdek

*And thou, Tatra, distant and snow-crowned,
Whose children roam so far away,
Weep not, for in this home, new found
Our love for thee will last for aye.*

*Loves not a son his mother still,
Though with a wife's love blessed?
'Tis such a love my heart doth fill
For the land where my fathers rest.*

—The Interpreter

AROUND the family hearth and the camp fires on the plains the frontiersman loved to tell the story of how the gulls saved the wheat fields of Utah in 1848. That spring, hundreds of acres of wheat had been planted in the valley of Great Salt Lake. The

people were happy to think that their starving days were over. The fields were beautiful. It had been decided to gather into storehouses enough wheat to supply the immigrants who were expected during the autumn.

But during the latter part of May black crickets began to attack the wheat fields. They ate every leaf and blade before them. The people prayed and fasted. They had great faith. Their faith was rewarded, for while the people stood with stricken hearts there came from an island in the lake a great flock of gulls. At first fear arose, but when the people saw them eating the pests, think of their joy! Their crops were spared and the people were saved from starvation. Today a law prevents people from killing the birds.

In 1913, a beautiful monument in honor of the sea gulls was unveiled in Salt Lake City. The monument has a granite pedestal, upon which is a column more than sixteen feet high. On the top is a large granite ball upon which two gulls are alighting. The birds are done in bronze covered with gold leaf. Around the foot of the pedestal is a fountain and in its water swim goldfish among pond lilies. On each of three sides of the pedestal is a bronze tablet picturing a scene in the valley during those pioneer days. On the fourth tablet is this inscription: "Seagull monument, erected in grateful remembrance of the mercy of God to the Mormon Pioneers."

Some Active



Juniors

Nordhoff Union Grammar School Juniors cleaning lima beans sent them by fellow members in Ventura, California

VALENTINES made by the Juniors in the schools of Nashville, Tennessee, for the patients in the city hospital were delivered to the children in the hospital, who were delighted with them. Then the nurse went from bed to bed in a ward for the grown-ups, saying, "I wonder if you realize that today is Valentine's Day. Whether you do or not, it is; and the Junior Red Cross children have made you a valentine. They hope you will have a pleasant and comfortable day." Some were too ill to hold the valentines; so the cards were propped up beside the beds. The nurse said she had never seen such a change in the spirits of the patients—old and young—when they were shown the valentines.

Members in Park Avenue School in that city made a small doll house as a school project, and furnished it completely. They even dressed dolls of the right size to live in it, and made tiny gingham animals. When it was finished, they sent it to a child who had been ill for several months. Everything was small enough for the child to play with on the bed.

A young sailor in the Naval Hospital, Newport, Rhode Island, was especially delighted to receive a valentine from the Junior Red Cross of Middletown, Rhode Island. "This takes me back to my school days," he said to the Red Cross Field Director at the hospital, "when I used to make valentines and gifts for the veterans in the hospitals."

EARLY last November, members in Mound School, Ventura, California, wrote to the J. R. C. of Nordhoff Union Grammar School, Ojai, in the same county:

We read in the last Junior Red Cross magazines about some of the activities of the boys and girls of your school.

We were looking for someone to help us make our activities reach as far and do as much good as possible. We have decided to trust your "live wire" group with that responsibility.

We have had fun gleaning lima beans. We pick these beans which would otherwise go to waste and thresh them by treading them out. Seventy-two children picked beans from the close of school to dark and then came early the next day and worked all recesses, noon and after school to thresh out this particular picking for those in some corner of the county where there are no beans or walnuts to glean.

We are trusting you with 102 pounds of the 186 pounds we picked. The Brownies, Cubs, Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts of Mound School worked together for the Junior Red Cross. We have gleaned, threshed and cleaned 535 pounds of limas. Six sacks of English walnuts have been picked up so far but have not been hulled and cleaned. If you can pass on walnuts, to someone who needs them you may have a sack to clean and use.

FOR Lincoln's Birthday, Juniors of Carteret School, Bloomfield, New Jersey, sent to the Veterans' Administration Facility at Lyons, fifty joke-envelopes, with the picture of Lincoln, "America's greatest story-teller" mounted on the outside, and containing all sorts of funny stories.

ON St. Valentine's Day the nine thousand members of the J. R. C. in Terre Haute, Indiana, sent blooming plants, together with valentines, homemade candy, and apples, to the charity and children's wards in two local hospitals, to the county farm, and to the two homes for aged women. At Sugar Grove the members had a valentine store for the benefit of their Service Fund. The store also sold peanuts which one boy had raised and roasted himself. Other schools raised money by giving basketball games, plays, and musicales and by renting books.

HAZLETON, Pennsylvania, members are giving a series of entertainments to raise funds to send a delegate to the National Convention.

STEVENS Industrial School of Ephrata, Pennsylvania, made equipment for the braille room of the Lancaster Chapter.

IN THE colored schools of Portsmouth, Virginia, the pupils in the domestic art department have rendered notable service. They helped to collect dress goods for the Miller Day Nursery, then went in person to the nursery to measure the children. They borrowed and bought patterns and cut and made the materials into attractive dresses, pants, rompers, jackets, skirts, and underwear. Sugar and meal bags were purchased from various grocery stores, washed, and dyed, and made into attractive dresses and underwear; burlap bags were made into little skirts and jackets. Clothing and shoes also have been collected and renovated and turned over to needy families. In addition, forty-six new garments were made.

AT THEIR first Council meeting, last year, Claxton School, Buncombe County, North Carolina, Juniors, decided that they would specialize on seeing that all Claxton pupils should be clothed comfortably throughout the year. The third grade completely outfitted one child with ten garments. The sixth grade made over one dress and bloomers and three other dresses to fit another girl. About forty new garments were brought in different grades in the school.

Various calls came in. One grade paid the rent for a distressed family and sent them canned goods. A gift of money was made to the janitor's son when he was sick. Old silk stockings and magazines were collected for prisoners—117 magazines were sent last fall. In response to a call for fruit, members in the fourth to the seventh grades brought a bushel basket full.

Claxton Juniors featured Junior Red Cross at five chapel programs and held four Council meetings. Some rooms used the NEWS in opening ex-

ercises. When Claxton pupils have been confined at home by tedious illnesses and accidents, letters, handwork, and flowers have been sent.

Park School members in the same Chapter maintained and kept in order their Red Cross room. Eight members served as monitors in halls and on stairways. Newton School started a library for the seventh grade of another school; Biltmore School held a potato day for the lunchroom and got about four bushels of potatoes; Vance School sent materials for three large fruit cakes for several Saturday night parties for ex-service patients in the Government hospital at Oteen, North Carolina.

ALL rooms of the Louisiana State Normal Training School, Natchitoches, Louisiana, have collected tinfoil and razor blades to sell for a fund to buy braces and crutches for the crippled children in the Shriners' Hospital at Shreveport. These same members raised \$36.85 for supplies for the first-aid rooms in their school and secured donations of cots, mattresses, sheets, pillowcases, towels, and pillows, and repainted the beds.

WHEN they sent apples which they had dried to victims of the fire which destroyed most of Nome, Alaska, in September, members in Baker, Oregon, also sent some letters to the school children of that city. Here is one of the replies which they received from Nome:

The Red Cross man here gave me your letter and I was glad to hear from you.

We received the apples and they were fine. Thanks so much; it was very thoughtful of you all. We lost our home and everything in it, but we are building another one now and hope to move in by Thanksgiving.

Now I am going to tell you about the winter sports. Every year we have dog races. We go skiing, shooting, and dog-sleigh riding and climbing mountains. Bering Sea will soon freeze over. And then we go out for miles on it.

Pupils in Haug School, Roseau County, Minnesota, filling a muddy spot just in front of their steps with clean sand



The school board paid fifty cents for this work, and they used the money to enroll in the Junior Red Cross



Helping cook at the Juniors' summer camp at Sopron, Hungary

Our Comrades Abroad

THE director of the Red Cross Hospital at Osaka, Japan, wrote to the Juniors of the world through the League of Red Cross Societies to thank them for the plants and seeds they sent for the garden of the hospital. His letter, which has been passed on by the League, said, in part:

"What was my joy to see arriving, little by little, first from France some flower seeds, and, recently, from Bulgaria, seeds of the *Pinus leucodermis Firly-Bulgaria*. I began to plant the seeds at once; some have already sprouted. Every day it is one of my greatest pleasures to visit them and take care of them. All the patients know the history of these seeds; they are profoundly grateful and await with impatience the coming of the flowers, the leaves, the fruits, from these distant friends, which, last year, were growing beyond the seas. The flowers themselves, the trees, will hasten to grow, in order to see again at the time of the conference their compatriots who will also come to favor us with their presence."

As we announced in the September NEWS, the American Junior Red Cross sent several ivy slips from the same plants that were growing at Mount Vernon when Washington lived there. The British *Junior Red Cross Journal* tells of what their society chose to send:

"We wanted to send a plant typically English,

beautiful, long-lived, and likely to suit the climate of Japan. It was difficult to make a choice. In the end someone remembered that among the trees

'—that England do adorn,
Greater are none beneath the sun
Than oak, and ash, and thorn.'

"The three trees native to our country. Oak? It grows so slowly that it would be a long, long time before it would be a sizable tree. Ash? Not particularly effective. Thorn? Yes—a beautiful flowering tree, the May of our countryside. Strong, long-lived, and beloved by all of us, and celebrated by our poets and writers from old Chaucer downwards. Yes, that certainly was the right choice. But our difficulties were not at an end when the choice was made, for though you can send trees and plants to the other side of the world when they are in their winter sleep, you can not dig them up and do so when they are in full leaf and the sap is up.

"What were we to do? We consulted the Royal Horticultural Society about it. They said we must send plants growing in pots, and they hunted about and obtained two beautiful hawthorn trees, six feet high, growing in pots, and said they would undertake to send them to Japan for us. But they said, 'There are all sorts of rules and regulations about the importation of plants' (this is a very necessary precaution, as a

safeguard against the introduction of plant diseases or insect pests) 'you had better ask the Japanese Embassy about it.' So we asked the Japanese Embassy about it and they said, 'You may send the trees, but there must be no soil imported into Japan.' (Insect pests might be hidden in the soil.) That seemed to block the road. But the Japanese officials very kindly thought out a way, and arranged for someone to meet the ship—to repot the trees on board in good Japanese soil, and to see them safe to Tokyo."

A GROUP of girls in Vienna wrote to their magazine:

"In the Junior Red Cross magazine our favorite page is that which tells of the activities of groups in our own country and abroad. Having learned that in the town of Steyr there are more than seven thousand unemployed, we decided to send the children of this town a parcel of clothing, shoes and provisions, which we had collected. Our case weighed two hundred kilos, and we wrote a poem to go with it expressing our friendship for our little friends in Steyr, telling them that in the spring we intended to go and visit their beautiful and ancient town."

Another Vienna group wrote:

"When the meaning of the words 'I Serve' became clear to us, one of the pupils said: 'Then those who are good at arithmetic can help those who are not.' A quarter of an hour later, all the pupils were divided into 'arithmetic groups' who worked at home, after school. We are proud of this new way of helping each other and working together,



Juniors of Aijitsu School, Tokyo, Japan, sent this photograph of themselves playing basketball in an album to Public School Number 47, New York City

and our school work has improved a lot."

DURING the last school year, the Juniors of Lodz, Poland, have provided needy school children with over 5,000 dinners, 15,000 breakfasts, and 500 garments. Five hundred children have also been sent to summer colonies through their efforts.

A GROUP of very young children in England have "adopted" a little

girl of six, named Dorothy, who is blind. Dorothy has become a Junior Red Cross member herself and she goes with the others to visit the old folk in the workhouse. Her Junior Red Cross friends collected money to buy her a ball with bell inside, and Dorothy herself made a woolen ball to send to leper children in Uganda.

THE Hungarian Junior Red Cross completed its Forest Home at Gödöllő. For the greater part of the year, this establishment will serve as an open-air school under the direction of the National Institute of Hygiene. During the vacations, it will be occupied as a recreation

home by thirty-five to forty poor children of Budapest as guests of the Junior Red Cross.

The site for the building was presented to the Junior Red Cross by the Ministry of Agriculture, while the Ministries of Public Welfare and of Education contributed towards construction costs. The town council of Gödöllő has agreed to assume the expense of heating, lighting, and cleaning. Hungarian Juniors collect firewood for needy families to help tide them over the weather. Many groups brought to school small quantities of wood.

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FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEYS

Two Birthdays

NANCY BYRD TURNER

FEBRUARY, gray month,
Is with us once again.
Who would mind her storminess,
Who would mind her rain?—
Not a bit we're caring
For her chilly ways,
Well we know she's bringing us
Two great days!

February, good month,
As you hurry by,
Two days of your twenty-eight
Shine out in the sky:—
Washington's and Lincoln's,
Brave and bold and clear:
February, welcome, now,
Welcome to our year!

